### FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

GATHERED FROM THE RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL PRESS.

Words of Wisdom On Religious and Moral Subjects Which are Worthy of Attention From the Thoughtful.

How Love Came. The night was darker than ever before (So dark is sin,) When the Great Love came to the stable

And entered in, And laid Himself in the breath of kine

And the warmth of hay, and whispered to the Star to shine, And to break, the Day. O flowers underneath the snow That chilled His feet,

As He passed by did ye not know his footsteps aweet?

O birds whose vioce he gave to sing, How came it that In the passing Presence of the Spring Ye silent sat? O Bethlehem, for all, all men

The House of Bread,
The Great Love came at midnight then
And was not fed! With all your prudent thinkings o'er

The morrow's cares, With highways, taxes, markets for Your people's wares, With soldiers and a Judgment Hall And Romans trim, Your ians were large enough for all-

Save only Him. O aching, tired brain of earth, So wise and cold.

In winter descriness and dearth

And gaxes old. Be not too sure at midnight when You close your door, There is no Stranger among men Uncared for.

Claim not to be the Morn with Knig And Shepherd kind; You are Bethlehem slumbering, All deaf and blind.

And through your empty streets and past Your windows dead
The Great Love comes to you at last
Unvelcomed.

Then in the heart you only keep Your oxen in.
The Great Love finds a place to sleep ALICE ARCHER SEWALL.

#### The Worship of the Wise Men.

When the wise men found the Holy Child they rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and, falling down before Him and worshipping Him, they presented to Him the gifts which they had brought. Not only in words and with outward observance did they worship Him, hat their loss and did they worship Him, but their love and adoration took the form of gifts. They brought that which they held precious, and gave it to the Infant King. With our bodies, our souls, and our goods we are to worship Christ, our King, not withholding our possessions from his service. Without each part of this threefold worship it is but a maimed offering, neither fit for us to give nor for the Lord to receive. Their gifts were symbolical. The gift of gold signified the royality of Christ; frankingonse was a vegetable resin from a tree. cease was a vegetable resin from a tree, burned for its odors in offering incease, a symbol of prayer; and myrrh was another aromatic gum, distilled from incisions in a small thorny tree, used in embalming the dead.

wise men came a long distance to find the Saviour. They regarder neither weariness nor cost of personal comfort, if they might but find Him, and effer Him their homage and gifts. How much is it worth while for us to do to find Christ? These seekers after Jesus were guided by the star, to His manger. We may be sure that when we start to find Christ, we will find a guiding star leading us to Him. God never lets any one seek Him in vain. The wise men of old brought th most precious gifts they could find to their Saviour. Shall we give less to Him? The most precious gift He asks of us is our own heart, the gold, the frankincen and myrrh of love, sacrifice and prayer. Let us at this time when the world is filled with joy and gladness because centuries ago the Holy Child came to earth, greet Him with renewed love, and if our have never been given to Him befo them be laid before Him while we worship

# The Babe At Bethlehem.

One of the very wonderful things about our human life is the perpetual freshness, the indestructible joy that clings forever about the idea of birth. You cannot find the hovel so miserable, the circumstances and the prospects of life so wretched that is not a bright and glorious thing for a child to be born there. Hope flickers up for an instant from its embers, at the first breathing of the baby's breath. No squalidness of the nfe into which it comes can make the new life seem squalld at its coming. By and by, it will grow dull and gray, perhaps, in sad harmony with the sad surroundings, but at the first there is some glory in it, and for a moment it burns bright upon the bosom of the dullness where it has fallen, and seems even as if it might set it afire.

And so there was nothing that could, with such vividness, represent the new-ness of Christianity in the world as to have it forever associated with the birth of a child. And there is nothing that could so set forth the fresh and novel start in all a man's experience, the new afternt of power, the re-illumination of all life for him when his vague religious as-plirations become the hearty acceptance of a personal Lord as to associate it all forever with the birth of a child. That birth ever with the firth of a child. That birth suggests a past, a vague, and unsubstantial being somewhere before it came to the clear presence which we see, and yet it is as new as if it had no past. The Soul that draws from out the vast. And strikes his being into bounds brings the eternity from which he comes,

and shapes it to the newness of his life. And the personal faith of the man who has long searched amid the waste for God has all the rich remembrance of that search condensed into the freshness of this new experience wherein God has com-to him.-Phillips Brooks.

# From Luther's Table Talk.

From Luther's Table Talk: Luther, at Whittenberg, discerning a very melan-choly man (whom he formerly knew), said unto him, "Ah! human creature, what doest thou? Hast thou nothing else what doest thou; max thou is that a said in hand but to think of thy sins, on death, and on damnation? Turn thine eyes quickly away, and hook hither to this man Christ, of whom it is written. He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered, died, was harded the thind day. buried, the third day arose from the dead and ascended into heaven." Wherefore dost thou think all this was done? Verily it was that thou shouldst comfort hyself against death and sin; therefore, not afraid, neither do thou ruly thou hast no cause; for Christ suffered death for thee, and pre-valled for thy comfort and defence, and for that cause he sitteth at the right hand of His Father to deliver thee. Therefore, whosoever thou art that art consessed with such heavy thoughts, know for certain that the same is a work and devising of the devil, for God hath sent His Son into the world, not to affright, but to comfort sinners. From hence these and the like sentences are often-imes expressed in the Scriptures: Re-loicel be joyful in the Lord. Be not afraid. Be not discouraged. Be of g comfort. I have overcome the world.

Brust In God: Hold fast, and trust in God, We cannot change God's will by any prayers of ours. God forbid that we

should, even if we could, for His will is what then shall we be afraid of? It looks at first sight a strange sori of token of God's love to bring the creatures whom He has made into whom He has made into conditions of sorrow and misery. And it is a deep question whether our troubles do come to us from God. But this is certain, God turns them into good for us by making them a part of our training for a better and higher life. At least of this we may have no doubt, that God is love; that ou Imagers are not needed to change His will, because His will is already that we should be saved. All we have to do in our prayers is to ask advice and strength and courage from the great Captain of our salvation, that we may fight His battle and ours aright and to the end.

#### Joyful Christianity,

Joyful Christainty: One of the strangest and most perplexing errors, as it is one of the most common, into which mankind has fallen is the supposition that the service of God is a burdensome tollsome, and tearful service, which one enters into in this life only to avoid something worse in the future, or to win a future reward. The religion of Jesus Christ should be presented as worthy of acceptence for the glory which it brings with it here and now, and should be accepted, not reluctantly, lest some worse thing should happen, but loyfully, as a great and joyous present gift, which is indeed a hope rather than a fruition, though, to speak still more accurately, it is fruition which brings with it transcendant a hope.—Lyman

#### The Pulpit and Politics.

There is no emergency without an adequate remedy. God in the bounty of his bestowal has ordained a supply sufficient bestowal has ordained a supply sufficient for the urgency of man's need. A crisis of evil is the opportunity for reform. The night is darkest just before day. The political corruption of our country has long been hanging over us as a dark and threatening cloud, and the storm so long brewing has burst upon us, arousing to an understanding of our danger, and morresing upon us the meaning of our impressing upon us the meaning of our responsibility and duty in the affairs of State. The Church is the hope of politics.
The moral element of society should be the controlling force of its interests. The temporal concern or man is closely allied with his spiritual welfare. Man's environment must wield an influence over him for good or ill, since society cannot rise higher than the conditions governing its life; ennobling influence most elevate, while corrupt example will degrade. As the soul is exalted in its aspirations it approaches God, and the impulse which actuates the mind is begotten of the power which governs the life. In man's ambition we read the man. He alone is noble who

Is the pulpit too exalted to exalt?
a public life so corrupt that the Is public life so corrupt that the Church should gather her skirts about her lest she be deflied? Is the arm of God shortened that He cannot reach the depths? Is evil more potent to tarnish than righteousness is efficient to cleanse? Shall the political cancer be gnawing at the very vitals of the body politic, while the good people of our coun try are sheltering themselves within the sanctuary to avoid contamination? Good-ness is never tainted by the imparting of its virtue, but in bestowing receives a ble portion in return. There is healing in God's touch for all disease, and balm in Gilead for every wound. As Christ's mission upon earth was to reclaim, so has he commissioned his church to reform and purify.-John Russell Hanlon, A. M.

### The Noblest Ambition.

Since we love eminence so much, let us seek it where it is to be found; let us seek that which will last forever. O! the admirable ambition, that of reigning eternally with the Son of God, and to be seated forever on the same throne with

# RELIGIOUS NOTES.

Regarding News In the Churches at Large.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions reports for the month of November \$57,570 as against \$40,458 for the preceding year, and for seven months \$239,089 against \$206,424.

It is announced that more than a majority of the dioceses of the Protestant Epis-Church in this country have signified their confirmation of the election of Father Hall to the Episcopate of Vermont Dr. Armory H. Bradford, of Montelair,

has been chosen to succeed Dr. Charles F. Deefs, as President of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, and the editors of its organ, Christian Thought. The American Education Society issues Christian Education as its new organ. It is an illustrated magazine, giving a list and description of the colleges and schools indorsed or supported by this society, which now consolidates the old America Education Society with the New West

In 1890, the London Peace Congress passed a resolution urging ministers everywhere to observe the third Sunday in December as Peace Sunday, and in their sermons and prayers to make special ref-erence to the work of that society in the direction of securing arbitration instead war between nations, and in general emphasizing the brotherhood of

A special request is issued that the com-

ing Sunday be so observed. The Rev. J. J. Moore, senior Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church, and the oldest Bishop of any denomination in America, died at Greens-boro, N. C., December 9th, at the age He had held the office bishop nearly twenty-six years, his labors covering nearly every State in the Union. He was well-known in Eng-land, where he preached in many lead-ing churches. He received the degree ing churches. He received the degree of S. T. D., from one of the English

The Presbytery of Charleston, S. C. has issued formal appeal to the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, against the action of the synod of South Carolina, reversing the action of the Presbytery condemning Miss Presbytery condemning Miss Sadie Means, for pursuing her avocation in a telephone office on Sunday. grounds of appeal are, general irregularity in the conduct of the case before the Synod, and incorrectness of decision.

"I. Because work, as an avocation, in a telep-one office on the Sabbath day, is a disciplinable offense under the Standards of the Presbyterian church; "2. Because the evidence that such offense has been committed by Miss Sadie M. Means was conclusive."

The movement towards uniting the various Presbyterian bodies that retain the use of versions of the Psalms in their public worship seems to be strengthening. Committees are at work endeavoring to produce a metrical version better than those now in use, and the highest courts of the church have signified their wil-lingness to set uside their present versions in favor of this new one when it shall be completed. Meanwhile, entirely apart from this movement, earnest efforts are being made by members of the United Prerbyterian Church and the Associate Reformed Synod of the South to bring those two bodies together. At present minister-of either church enter the other without hesitation or scruple. The purpose is not so much to secure formal action as to encourage and increase mutual quaintances, in the belief that the friendliness and sympathy resulting will bring about union in the most natural way.

# A Deadlock.

"What is this?" "A young man of the period. Is he not a work of art?" "He is, indeed?"

"Is he engaged?"

"To whom?" "To a young lady of the period, who loves him deeply."
"And when are they to be married?"

"Never! And why not?" "She will not marry him until he has paid his debts, and he cannot pay his debts until she marries him."

-Harper's Bazar.

The P. E. Review for December-Henry of Navarre-Some Artists at the Fair. Other Publications.

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL RE-VIEW: December, 1893, Theological Seminary, Post-Office, Pairfax county, Va. \$1 per annum. For sale by West, Johnson & Co.

Bishop Clark, Rev. G. C. Foley, Rev. Dr. Hall Harrison, Rev. Thomas J. Packard, and Prof. James M. Garnett, (University of Va.) each contribute a strong article to the December issue of the "Review." The varied nature of the subjects upon which these gentlemen write make it difficult to discriminate in favor of any one of the papers. Each is admirable, strong, earnest, and clear. It is probable, however, that the articles of Mr. Foley, Dr. Harrison, and Mr. Packard, will interest the greater number of tenders, owing to the subjects with which they deal—"The Influence of St. Augustine," "Side tracking the Thirty-Nine Articles;" and "The Parit-

an.ent of Religions." Prof. Garnett's paper is that read before the Philosophical Society of the University of Virginia. October 28, 1833, and is upon "The Gospel of St. Peter." Beginning with reference to the publi-Beginning with reference to the publication, in the latter part of 1892, of Greek fragments identified immediately by scholars as portions of the lost Gospel and Ajocalypse of St. Peter, and of the Book of Enoch, it passes on to a resume of what was known of the Gospel of St. Peter before this discovery was made and emphasizes its importance. Prof. Garnett has appended to his paper Prof. Swete's translation of the "Gospel of St. Peter" for the benefit of those who may not have seen it.

those who may not have seen it.

Two pages are devoted to review "The old Documents and the New Bibl-History of Preaching" by the late Re-John Ker, Professor of Practical Train ing in the United Presbyterian church

THE RECEIPT FOR DIAMONDS: BY C. J. C. Heyne, D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Appleten's Town and Country Library) 50 cents. For sale by West, Johnson & Co.

IN VARIOUS MOODS: By M. A. B. Evans. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. London. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

Miss Evans has translated into fortyfive quaintly, delicate, and piquant little poems, as many pretty and simple fancles At no time rising to any special strength in her poetry, nor to any special eleva-tion in her subjects, she is still original naive, and dainty in both-there is no sentimentality nor morbidness between the covers of the book. Its entire con tents are characterized by a delicious simplicity and freshness.

THE BARBARY COAST: By Henry M. Field. With illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. \$2. For sale by West, Johnson & Co.

In twenty-one beautifully illustrated chapters, Dr. Field has thrown about his travels in Africa the attractiveness and fascination which have given his previous works so great a hold on the

He has carried us in his good company, "From the Lakes of Killarney, To the Golden Horn," "From Egypt to Japan," "Through the Desert," "Among the Holy Hills," to "The Greek Islands," "O Spain and New Spain," and "Gibralta and, with unflagging power has so delighted us that another book of travels from him is assured of eager welcome from the Intelligent, reading public. To the power of succinct and accurate narration he adds a certain warmth and gentleness, a pervading great heartedness (if such with literary style) which give his books

st. The gentleness we feel to be that of a thoroughly human man quick to dis-cern and appreciate fellow-humanity ough all disguises of darker coloris

and lesser civilization.

We find ourselves increasingly absorbed and entertained by his account of the miserably poor Kabyle women and their little children who, he assures us fest the natural joyousness of children through many difficulties, and the true secret of Mr. Field's charm li onest love for the country which he

"Poor old Africa!" he says; "I love her for her very woes; and if I sometimes drop into an undertone, and, in drawing with a free hand these African pictures, give the dark back-ground with the light

er figures on the canvass, it is to turn, if I may, the eyes of our more-favored countrymen to a distant shore, that they may look with tenderness and with pity on a land of so much beauty and so much sorrow!" THE LAST YEARS OF LOUIS XV

By Inbert de St. Armand. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25. For sale by West, Johnson & Company.

The charm of St. Armand's historical series is already familiar to the public. The present volume deals with the era in the history of France which preceded the horrors of the French Revolution, and in the licentiousness and utterly ignoble character of the sensual old king, the successor of a number equally deprayed, lets us into the ropean history was but the logical effect

This book, taken together with the one which preceded it, and which dealt with the earlier portion of this Louis' reign, shows how taxatlon of the masses to support the infamy of the court could not fail to outrage love and veneration for all aristocracy; that the horrors of the Revolution was the one natural sequence. Men had lost veneration for rank, because rank had proven itself gilded rot-tenness; Intense suffering had made them lose belief in God; the outcome was neces-

sarily a reign of anarchy.

Marie Antoinette, creature of light and nobility, as she was, is pictured in her youth and innocence; her happy ignorance of the pitiful future; her child-like eagerness to obey in every detail the admonitions of her great mother, Marie Theresa, and then St. Armand takes a leap for ward, with his pen pictures her pure dig-nity on the scaffold, the dignity of a true woman and a true queen, as con-trasted with the terrified weakness and protestation of the Du Barry creature and mistress of Louis XV., but in every sense less despicable than La Pompadour her predecessor in the affections of the monarch and the luxury of Versailles. The book is thoroughly illustrated, the exquisite face of Marie Antoinette gianc-

ing from the fly-leaf. HENRY OF NAVARRE AND THE HU-GUENOTS IN FRANCE. By P. F. Willert, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New

For sale by West,

Yerk, London,

assination in 161

Johnson & Company. This is another of the admirable "His The Nations" Series edited by Evelyn Abbot, M. A., Fellow of Ballial College, Oxford, and one of the most interesting volumes in the entire series. The first of eleven well illustrated chapters is devoted to the Reformation in France and the Wars of Religion up to the death of Conde, while the remaining ten are consumed in the narration of the salient events in the life of Henry of

Whatever the faults of this monarch may have been, they were still the faults of a frank, warm, strong nature; not the puerilities of a Louis XIII, XIV, or XV, given up to the effeminacy, luxury, and women. He had his mistresses, but he displayed for each of them not merely passion, but a loyal and devoted love as well, and it must be remembered that his beautiful wife was famed bered that his beautiful wife was famed vocal assistance.

from his birth in 1555 to his as-

IN THE LITERARY WORLD for what French historians style, her gallantry. If she possessed the intellectual refinement of her valois ancestors, she possessed also the gross sensuality of her Florentine lineage.

Certain it is, that whatever his faults were lack of a sturdy virility was not were lack of a sturdy virility was not

were, lack of a sturdy virility was not one; and Henry Quatre remains to-day the idol of the French people. Had he not been assassinated, it is, as Mr. Willert states, more than probable that the hirty Years' war would have been averted. and the cause of Protestantism in Francisco would have received an incalculable stim ulus. A man of strong appetites and parsions; of not over-nice personal habits; he was yet a great warrior, capable of extreme loyalty in love, and pos-sessed of a most magnetic personality. We must regret his faults, which were We must regret his faults, which were undoubtedly great; but we must also admire his virtues and his personal qualities, which were equally great.

A. LODGE.

SOME ARTISTS AT THE FAIR: New York, 1863, Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.25, For sale by West, Johnson & Co.

The impressions produced by "The White City" were phantom-like as the fair city itself, rapidly are they fading into dreamy recollection! That these impres-sions may not vanish wholly, a few of the ntelligent, trained observers who visited Chicago this summer, have thoughtfully set down their observations and expelences. What they have to say meets with an acceptance unusual in its appre-lation. No incident of modern times has en more startiling and impressive than the meteor-like life of "The White City," ashing into a brilliant existence only fall into sudden extinction. The more e realize its rustic beauty and wonder, the more pathetic becomes the picture; embodied, as it is in Shakspeare's gad

'And, like the baseless fabric of this vis-

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples \* \* shall dissolve.
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded.
Leave not a rack behind."

The Scribners present to the public, in illustrated book form, a collection of pa-pers, entitled, "Some Artists at The Fair." These papers possess the merit of being the work, both in composition and il-lustration, of artists who are as clever and cultivated as they are universally

popular. Mr. F. D. Millet writes well and instructively of "The decoration of the Exposi-tion." The architecture of the Exposion Buildings was possibly the most harmonious that has ever been brought together in any city. "The grand style, he perfect proportions, the magnificent limensions of the buildings" were the scalization of an architect's dream. A petic completeness characterized eac dividual building, While the super-couping of the whole, in their environ ent, was a finished expression of art hich the whole world has applauded. A meral classical style of architectu ture and painting were then freely draw on to enrich the architectural features, ulpture, Mr. Millet tells us, was more extensively employed than painting, because it was impracticable, under the cir the same perfection as the exteriors up t embelishments being mostly bestowed up on the facades. It is pleasant to follow Mr groups, and the lavish color-decoration everywhere about the buildings, but he collossal magnitude of the exposition orbade him, as it does us, the bare men-

on of them in detail. Following Mr. Millet comes Mr. J. A

Mitchell, who, though seeing with the artist's eye, is yet inclined to be some what unduly facetious over the "Type and people at the Fair." The visitor t the exposition who grew weary in limb and gave up sight-seeing as an impossible undertaking will be most appreciative of Mr. Mitchell, when he says, that the hapess enthusiast, when he says, that the hap ess enthusiast, who proposed to see, ever superficially, the more important exhibits should have been filled "with a wrought ron spine, nerves of catgut, and one more Despite the fallming emphasis b Mr. Mitchell lays upon the fact, moral flesh was unequal to the task of "doing" in any appreciable degree the exposition, he still furnishes some amusing and cleverly-drawn types of the char-acteristic American; and when speaking bright new pennies in the stocking, and achievement a complete and glorjous triumah. In a very different spirit does Mr. Will H. Low approach "The Art of the White City." It is evident that his xperience of the Exposition brought cer experience of the Exposition brought cer-tain mastering impressions to his mind; to him "the stately pleasure-dome de-creed" was a place in which he stepped reverently, indulcing his best, most serious thought. Mr. Low must have been a comfort and encouragement to the men and women who conceived so cleverly and executed so well the art adornments of "The White City." Noth-ing but praise comes from his pen, yet it. g but praise comes from his pen, yet for praise so discriminating, based so evit gave, "that throughout the land wher paint, we have the men do it." America art is to have her victories as well ers, our great masters. Something like n artist's idyl is the paper by Mr. W. lamilton Gibson on "Foreground and lista at the Fair." He writes most deschifully of the plcturesque settings of two and garden, of the curving walks, of the parterre diversified with closely bedded tosaic of bright blossoms, of the winding account, of the gondola floating listlessly a the blue water beneath arching bridge relating revenuent, and of the "wooded land," where a chaos of willows and es, our great masters. Something like Gibson's paper is an extreme glorifica-n of the superb achievement at Jackson rk; enthusiasim such as his is born only the poetic temperament, and out of it weaves a spell of enchantment for

hose who have penetrated the yell.

In lighter vein, dainly and graceful is The Picturesque Side" as seen by Mr.

Hoykinson Smith: selecting neglected haracters and neglected comers for the urprise and delight they bring. Mr. mith gives a picturesque turn to bis mith gives a picturesque turn to bis gives a picturesque turn to his both as writer and painter. ly always be said to possess the quality of charm—a charm distinctly individual and unique. His own words illustrate and emphasize this much more forcibly than any comment or criticism can; in reproducing his impressions of "The White City," there is, he says, "a ma-jestic picturesqueness investing these superb palaces and royal gardens with stinction never attained by any of predecessors." This does not seem o be due so much to colossal proportions for to the never-ending series of build-ngs piled one behind the other, as to the skill shown by architects and land-scape gardens in the general plan. Es-pecially is this charm felt in the absence pecially is this charm felt in the absence of rectangular lines of construction; in the winding in and out of the lagoons; in the neglected fringing of untrimmed foliage skirting the water's edge; in the half submerged bits of islands where the ducks plume their feathers; in the in-formal formality of great massing of plants; in the dotting of broad stretches of gray-green water with gay-colored condolas; and in the colossal proportions f superb decorative statues, so that a glimpse of Venice can be caught between the forelegs of a huge sculptured bull, and the columns of a classic temple be outlined over the back of some watersprayed mermaid.

N. B. WINSTON.

Mme. Nordica, the operatic vocalist of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau forces, is the only American singer engaged to take part in the coming festival at Bayreuth, which begins on July 9, 1894, and continues for ninetten days. This is the first time that the management of these festivals has come to America for vocal essistance.

THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT.

Great Changes in Seventy Years-People of To-day Buy Needless and Expensive Presents-triking Observations.

(Copyright for the Times, 1803.) The poet or artist desiring a model from which to incarnate Christmas past and present would never find a better one that Elizabeth Cady Stanton sitting In her study this evening surrounded by

works of art, books, and the thousand and one things which intellectual people gather about them. Though a woman of more than fourscore-years, she begins her work each morning with the freshness of youth, and each evening sees the lamps lighted over her desk to enable her to finish the lit-



ELIZALETH CADY STANTON.

and State, urging them to unite in one great movement looking toward the enfranchisement of the sex. When I asked her how the Christmas of to-day com-pared with that of the early part of the century, she said: "The Christmas of lo ago, was simple, joyful, exceedingly pi turesque, quieting and a magnificent festal tide. Christmas was the time of all the home-comings, of love-makings, of betrothals, and of marriages. It was a great religious day when pardons were granted, prayers offered up for those far away upon the sea or in distant lands.

"There was a heroic simplicity about the way in which the old-time house-wife prepared for Christmas. It was not so much that she must give and receive gifts, listen to and create flatteries, dance and sing the hours away, as it was that for the space of one whole day everybody belonging to her was con-

tay everybody belonging to her was centent. The Christmas of the past was full of associations. The Christmas of the present is full of expectations.

'I do not think the change is for the better. No one recognizes improvement more than I do, and bearing this in mind I must confess that the celebration of Christmas, like that of marriages and funerals, has been run into the ground. funerals, has been run into the ground. "When I was a girl I lived in Johnstown, N. Y. We had a great kitchen large that it made a capital playroo for the children, and where a colored man-servant used to play the fiddle for us to dance. Christmas-Eve we tidied up the room, hung our stockings upon the devoured their contents. These were

a rosy cheeked apple food for neighbors who were in distressed circumstances and would take them round and deliver them in person. In which was almost always a great roast pumpkin pies and occasionally mince pier ent interminable system of making presents. We might give our father and mother one, but made none outside of the family. The idea of giving anything to wealthy friends was unheard of. We

to weathy friends was unheard of. We went to bed early Christmas night, after, it might be, games and a little daneing, and woke up the next morning with bright eyes and clear heads.

"The modern method involves altogether too much labor and thought and expense. I spent considerable time last year in a winter sanitarium, and, to my year in a winter sanitarium, and year in a winter samarana, and, o my surprise, found that nearly all of the la-mates who were there for their health were working themselves sick making holiday presents. They were embroid-ing, erocheting, knitting, tatting, carving, sketching, painting and only goodness-knows what not in the knick-knack and bric-a-brac line. I spoke to them abou it and every one assured me that it had to be done, and that, although tired out exhausted with the labor, wouldn't dare to pass Christmas without making some present to everybody upon

"Then I notice that the cost of presents has increased inordinately. When, for example, Christmas cards first appeared they were a very pretty and economic novelty. They cost a few cents apiece and enabled a person to send a seasonable message to a score of friends at no great outlay. To-day Christmas cards have become works of art in themselves and cost in many cases \$5 and \$10 each. The Christmas dinner has grown until it is a meal large enough to kill an ordinary hu-man being. It is so bad that almost everybody I know the day after Christmas is miserable and ailing from an injured stomach. The worst of all is the extravagance

which has been growing yearly all over the land, just before Christmas. I was in a large dry-goods store, and right near me was a young and handsome married couple. They were doing their Christ-mas shopping and apparently had been to other stores before they had met me. The young wife said: 'Here's something we must buy." and the husband answered, 'My dear, we limited ourselves to \$5 in coming into this place, and I have alcoming into this place, and the wife and spent twenty myself: really, we can't afford to buy anything else. The wife pouted and responded: 'We can't bear to look stingy and mean; we are going to get so many presents ourselves." The husband made reply: 'Yes, the peole who give them are very wealthy and ple who give them are very wealthy and we can never compete with them in exwe can never compete with them in expenditure, and the wife, with true feminine pertinacity said: 'Yes, dear, we'll buy it and then we'll economize next month.' The husband yielded and the last glimpse I had of him, he was still buying things under the wife's directions.

"In the olden times such things did not occur. If a husband and wife went out it was to buy a few things for the children, which cost but little, and some simple presents for household servants or other members of the family. What lef-sure time they would have they would desure time they would have they would devote to arranging for a dance, a lot of indoor games, a sleighing party or a straw ride, and all of these festivities were marked by great simplicity. There was usually one musician, a fiddler, who played old-fashioned dance music. There was no fashionable costuming and the refreshments were simple.

ments were simple.

"I view with dislike the way in which parents, who ought to know better, treat their children nowadays. Candies are much finer and nicer at the present time than they were in my youth, but I have

grave doubts if they are as plain and wholesome. They certainly are much more expensive. If given to children it

wholesome. They certainly are much more expensive. If given to children it should be in very small quantities. But this is just what is not done. Instead of a little they receive large bonbon boxes filled to overflowing. In addition to this they give children fruits, sweetmeats and other luxuries, until the wonder is not that they lose their appetite and fall sick, but that they survive the ordeal.

"The children of my own time had but little candy and few toys and depended more upon themselves for amusement than they do at present. On Christmes-Day they romped, played all sorts of games and at nightfall were so tired that they were giad to go to bed. It was emphatically a children's day, and old and young joined forces in having a good time. Blind man's buff, hide and seek, puss in the corner, and riding and sieighing were practically universal." were practically universal."
MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

### FORGOT EVEN HIS MOLEER. . A Californian's Memory Gone as th Re

sult of a Surgical Operation Ceorge C. Hunter, of Oakland, has lost his memory as completely as if he had never had a brain. He is alive and well,

goes about just like any ordinary person, but can recall nothing of his past life, says the San Francisco Examiner, His mind is a blank. He does not remem-ber his wife or his mother. Though he had a good education, he has forgotten how to read or write, and the multiplica-tion table had fled into regions from which he cannot recall it. He remembers that a face is familiar, but that is all. The name of anything about the person he cannot recall,

The accident bringing such cons curred on the 15th, of October, Young Hunter was working on a locomotive in the railrad round-house in west Oakland when an iron plug was blown from a steam-pipe and struck him on the head, fracturing the brain. He was removed to Dr. Woolsey's Hospital, and placed under the care of Dr. Dunn. A large part of the skull where the iron struck it was splintered and pressed inward against the brain. So serious was the case that it seemed almost hopciess to attempt to save the man's life. Nevertheless the attempt was made, and from the eurgeon's standpoint was a most successful opera-tion. Hunter lived. The splintered por-tion of the skull, measuring about two tracks, in width and change about two inches in width, and about four inches in letath, was carefully removed and the pressure upon the brain relieved. It was then seen that the splintered bone had lacerated the membrane of the brain. The doctors then began to cultivate the bijured brain and its coverings. The pro-cess of granulation has gone on, day by day, until the entire membrane has been restored. The gap in the scalp will now be repaired by the difficult operation which involves the use of skin grafts taken in long strips from some other

portions of Hunter's body.

For a period of four weeks after the accident Hunter lay in his cot in the hospial, unconscious. He gave no sign of life save that he breathed. Suddenly one save that he breathed. Suddenly one morning, consciousness returned, and memory was gone. All his past was a blank. Dr. Woolsey asked him his name, but Hunter only shook his head, and looked at him wonderingly. Paper and pencil were given him and he wrote the letter "g," but could go on no further, and gave the paper back. When his mother and wife visited him he looked at them for awhile, and then said that their faces seemed familiar, but who they their faces seemed familiar, but who they were, he could not say. Hunter is now able to walk about and he is to all appearances well. He remembers what is told him, talks intelligenty about everything that has happened since his return thing that has happened since to consciousness, but back of that he can-

ad prances there's no jar in it, and i the greatest interest. The train dre ther like to have one de it if I am riding But when a brereo bucks and jumps into the air and comes down siff-legged, with his feet planted logether, that jars

boy always locks his spurs under the bronco's belly at such times, and so I did the same. Well, the spurs went through the horse-hair cinch, and the bronco kept bucking so long as they staid

there. I couldn't get them out till two men came to help me.

"The proper thing to do when a bronco backs is to keep your spurs away from him, balance yourself forward or backward in the saddle, according to the way be buses and crip him well between he jumps, and grip him well between your knees. You have to let him buck till he gets tired of it or finds he can't get you

# -San Francisco Hulletin.

The Tabard, The Tabard was an ancient ich formerly situated in Southwark, London, the traci-tional "hostelry where Chaucer und the other pilgrims met and, with their host, accorded about the manner of their jour-rey to Canterbury." The buildings of rey to Canterbury." The buildings of Chaucer's time have disappeared, but were standing in 1992; the clicst row remain ing is of the age of Elizabeth, and the post interesting portion is a stone-colore wooden gallery, in frent of which is a pic ture of the Canterbury pligrimage, said to have been painted by Blake. Instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard the ignorant landlord put up, about the year 1678 he sign of Tabard, which it now bears.

It is reported in England that a new dukedom is to be created and conferred upon Lord Lansdowne, the retiring vice-roy of India. In compliment to the neighboring islands, it is said he will be made the Duke of Kerry.

# "JOHN BULL'S" RETURN.

THE OLD ENGINE BACK IN HER QUARTERS IN WASHINGTON.

She Came Through From Chicago Without a Break-Some of the Incidents

of the Trip.

As already stated the old "John Buil" engine that used to run on the Camden and Amboy division in 1801, and is now the oldest in the country, came salling up to the Sixth street station about 3:45 o'clock in the afternoon a few days ago. It was probably the last run of this famous iron steed, which, compared to a modern engine that carries a limited express, is about as a burro to a thoroughbred race horse.

The old engine has been on exhibition all summer with the Pennsylvania railroad's exhibit at the World's Fair, and will now resume her place in the National Museum, from which she was sent to Chicago to stand beside "No. 299," the famous record-breaking locomotive. John Bull ran over one division of the road each day. She came through without an accident or mighap of any sort, and her train crew were as proud of her perform-ance as they could have been if she had broken all records for fast trips. From Baltimore to Washington the engine, drawing behind her a train of two light cars that rattled even on the smooth tracks of the Pennsylvania road like an old-time stage coach on a frozen turn-pike, was in charge of a train crew, composed of the following picked men: composed of the following picked men:
J. R. Kalkman, conductor; E. A. Lancaster, baggage-myster; B. R. Powell,
brakeman; John Cockley, pilot; C. S. Bell,
train-master; Wilson Eanks, engineer; and
S. J. Kramer, fireman.
Mr. Banks, who had been connected
with the Pennsylvania exhibit in Chicago
this summer, brought this famous old
locomotive all the way from the Windy

locomotive all the way from the Windy City to Washington, the rest of the crew being changed at frequent intervals. Mr. Banks is an able and intelligent mar, the like of which one sees so often among railroad engineers. He has been with the works at Altoona for several years past. Speaking to a Washington Star reporter, who came in with him on the engine yesterday afternoon. Mr. Banks spoke in the highest terms of the good work of this curious charge. "We have come all the way through from Chicago without a break of any sort, but I shall be glad when the responsibility is off my shoulders, though I would not take a great deal for the experience. This side of Chicago It was bitterly cold, so cold that the steam gauge froze solld. Coming into Columbus we sprung a leak and the steam all transitions as that when we the steam all ran out, so that when we got on to the turn table at the engine bouse there was only fitteen pounds of steam on, not enough to run her an-other foot. Does she go fast? Well, I should remark. Why, yesterday, for a while, we ran at a rate of thirty-three

Mir. Banks spoke of this with more evident pride than the engineer of "292" would have used under the same circumstances. His quarters on the engine were anything but pleasant in cold weather, for he had no cast only a translate argained up in front of him. tarpaulin stretched up in front of him and the fireman to keep off the force of

All the way into the city the ride was one continuous ovation from rallroad men, farmers, and tramps, all of whom stopped to wave their hats and cheer this passing relic of a bygone day. Those on board had much of the same feeling as did those who traveled last summer "Many people have an idea that to idea hunking bronco is the cowboy's death, but they're hadly mistaken. There's of our in it. When a thorregabred rears and prances there's no tar in it and prances there's no tar in it and in the cowda lined the tracks and charred with and there she will remain for a few days, in all probability before being returned to her old place in the National Museum. After the train had disembarked her passengers Mr. Parke invited them all into the cafe at eked apple.

here would be three or four pennies in the stocking, and but rarely, a polished dime or of a dollar. During the mornual get up little presents of large stocking and large transport of the stocking that the pennies in the stocking and but rarely, a polished dime or of a dollar. During the mornual get up little presents of large stocking that the station and here a few cold bottles was fun in it. I had read that there was fun in it. I had read that the cownection of the station and level and to do here the station and level and to do here the station and level and to do here a station and level and to do here the station and level and to do here as the station and level and to do here as the station and level and to do here as the station and level a honor on the occasion of her last public appearance.

Not at All New to Him.

"This is a photograph of my brother," said the young woman, who was showing the family album to the visitor from the far West. "Poor Jack! He's in trouble at college, He's fond of horses, and has wasted so much time training his team of boys that the college authorities have suggested blip. Did you aver here the suspended him. Did you ever hear the

"Why, yes," said young Mr. Lariat, "It's a common thing in Arizona for men to-to get suspended, you know, on ac-

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